A

SATYR

AGAINST

SATYRS:

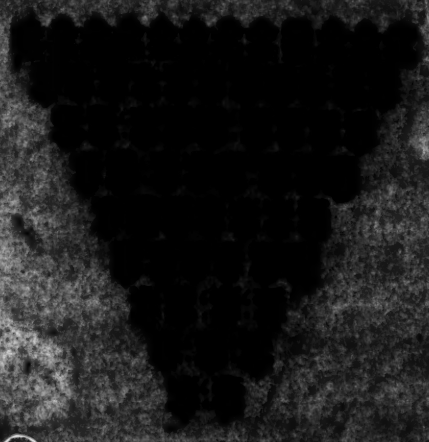
OR, AN

ANSWER

To a late Pamphlet Intituled,

THE

Picture of a Coffee-house.



LONDON, Printed in the Year 1700.

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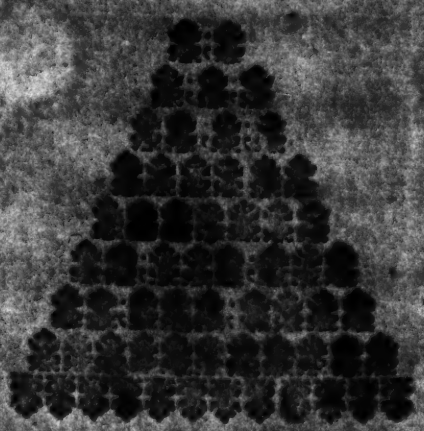

Remarks on a Coffee-House

THE

Catholick Lampoon intituled,

ANSWER

OR AN

ESSAY

AGAINST

SATYR

A

A SATYR AGAINST SATYRS

WHEN Glittring Stars adorn the Skies,
And Silence is diffused every where;
When ſtretch'd at eaſe the baſe Mortal Lies,
And *Somnus* cloſes up the wearied Eyes:
I've ſeen bright Luna Traverſing the Sky,
With borrow'd Beams, *Sol* Abſent, ſupply;
No Sounds are heard, but Ravens Croaking Throngs,
Or the hoarſe Notes of Envious Howling Dogs;
That Bark at her bright Globe, and Glorious Train,
And hurt not her, but frey themſelves in Vain;
Such Dogs are Satyriſts that flye their Spite,
In Railing Pamphlets and Lampoons to Write,
They ſhow their Teeth, and Bark, but Bite;
To Puniſh Vice, and feel themſelves the Pain;
From Nine to One, and Day in the Shop to have it Drawn;

B—r the Prince of Satyrists has Writ,
The Nobleſt Satyr 'gainſt the Plague of Wit;
This with the reſt meets equal Fate: Poor Man!
Wits will be Madmen ſtill, do what he can;
And Madmen-like, Ungrateful they'll Withſtand,
The Doctor that would kindly make them Sound.
Tho' *G—th* himſelf do take the Laſh in Hand,
His Satyrs ne'er can a Redreſs Command;
Apothecary's Homicides will ſcorn
And hate the Name of the Diſpenſaries.
Vagelius ſtill an *Ambidexter* is,
And ſmooths a Fable which way e'er it Pleaſe,
N—t will Lo[illegible]
The *Latcher* Whipt will be a *Latcher* ſtill,
If *Juvenal* or *Flaccus* now ſhould Write;
They'd Laſh in Vain, and be diſcarded quite.
Then what Poetick Fury ſhall thy Dream,
Thus Vainly to diſturb the Peace and Reſt,
What could'ſt thou more than ſome better ſubject find,
To Exerciſe thy Vainly Drilling Mind;
Could not thy Fancy carry thee to Court,
To *Weſtminſter*, or Bark to Stage for Sport,
What, did you never ſee Bear Baiting there,
You'd better Beginner Eſſay of the Life,
From Nine to One, from Two to Seven,
She's Dayly in the Shop to have it Drawn;

And there her Bufinefs is from Noon to Night.

This is the Language to fuch Minds,

To Ogle, Read a Novel, or a Play,

That does their Loyalty, Religion, Laws betray.

These would afford thee Subjects for thy Mercy,

Much fitter Subjects for thy Mercy,

For Honesty's a Virtue.

The little Citizens in their Dirty Cells

But poor Stockjobbers in their Dirty Cells

Muft bear th' Affronts of every Pocket-Vice,

That the great Monopolizers of each Kind

But if thy Muſe to Satyr hurry them,

Thus by the dirty Stockjobbers muſt thy Subjects be Kept:

And the Stockjobbers muſt thy Subjects be Kept:

And Right to buy Corruption.

Write and Laſh on, quench thy Regrets in Ink,

Thus Writers thank

I dare be Sworn, thy Muſe will fire the Publick

The dull Formalists

With brows of Brass they'll hear themselves reproach'd,

And proof against all Shame remain unmov'd.

Then Honesty

Talk Metaphyſicks to the unthinking Swine,

Tell the dull Ass that Wit and Reason

By fortune's Malice

Preach to the Rock, like Venerable Bede,

A Sanctified blockhead

Make theſe to Understand, and you'll succeed:

When others

Vain Fool! To think by Examples or Reason

As Destined

To make Stockjobbers hate their Darling Vice;

That Pa—n's

But vain Attempt, nor Fear, nor Shame can them restrain;

They'll break through all to Interest and Gain;

To please a Corrupt

Satyr's a more bold Argument to perſwade,

Than all th' Orations Cæsar has made,

Destroy the Cause,

To this we owe the Pamphlets of Tom Double,

The City's Pride

The little Penny Poet of the Town,

Honesty Dead

And lies to Honesty

Whate'er is Gain and Interest they purſue,

The Truth

Religion, Vertue, Goodness and

Truth

all

B

This

This is the grand Contentment of their Mind,
That does their Souls in Stubborn Fetters bind;
They'll serve their Interest, no matter how,
For Honesty's a Drug that few do know.
The little Cits they Daily Sacrifice,
That the great Knaves may on their Ruines Rise;
Thus by the quickest Way they Cure their Itch,
And Right or Wrong, betimes they'd fain be Rich.
Thus Wisely do our Modern Men of Sense,
The dull Formalities of Trade dispence;
And in one day by Knavery get more,
Than Honesty can furnish in Fourscore.
Thus *Alexander*, Philip's God-like Son,
By formal Arts, his Kingdom ne'er had won;
At one bold Stroke, his Sword the Knot unty'd,
When others many Years in Vain had try'd:
So Learned *W——y* in one Sheet writes more Sense,
Than *F——'s* in Ten with fawn Impertinence.
But sure thou'rt Mad, and Madder still, to think
To cleanse a *Common-shore* by Pen and Ink;
Stop first the Inlets that this Sink increase;
Destroy the Cause, and the Effect will cease.
The City's Pride foments this Baneful Trade,
And has of Honesty Destruction made.
The Tricks you find among this Jobbing Fry,
Are to Indulge their Wives in Foppery.

The product of a common Dilligence,
Cann't now support a Citizens Expence;
'Twill not maintain Coaches and Six, to wait
Upon His Majesty, in Pomp and State;
And nothing less with City-Wife goes down,
Than *Indian Atlas*'s and *Velvet* Gown;
Rich *Damask* Petticoats, and in the Room
Of Modest Silken Fringe, broad Gold Galoom;
Brocade, and Jewels, Store of *China* Ware,
With other Trinkets that Expensive are.
Thus these Court Mimicks, Empty Baggs and Tills,
Faster than honest Gain in Trading fills.
A pair of Stockings, or the Price that comes
From Sale of now and then a Pound of Plumbs,
Cannot maintain our City-Dames so high;
Unless their Husbands deal in Stocks, they'll fly.

Then think no more to stem this furious Tide,
Till you can first Correct the City's Pride;
But to do this, a greater Labour is,
Than all the famous Tasks of *Hercules*.
Then lay aside thy Pencils dipt in Gall,
Since only on thy self the smart must fall.
All Satyr's Vain, and 'tis the Poet's Curse,
To be Despis'd, and have an Empty Purse.
And Oh, that *G—sh* would Lash in Vain no more, but Sing,
The Triumphs of our Great and most Victorious King.

F I N I S.